

THE BOSTON MORNING POST.

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FRIDAY MORNING, APRIL 3, 1835.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

From the New York Mirror.

PENCILLINGS BY THE WAY:
First Impressions of Foreign Scenes, Customs and Manners.

BY NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

LONDON.

Dinner at Lady Blessington's—Bulwer, D'Israeli, Proctor, Fonblanc, etc.—eccentricities of Beckford, author of *Vathek*—D'Israeli's extraordinary talent at description.

Dined at Lady Blessington's in company with several authors, three or four noblemen, and a clever exquisite or two. The authors were Bulwer, the novelist, and his brother the statistician; Proctor, (better known as Barry Cornwall,) D'Israeli, the author of *Vivian Grey* and *Fonblanc*, of the *Examiner*. The principal nobleman was Lord Durham, and the principal exquisite, (though the word scarce applies to the magnificent seal on which nature has made him, and on which he makes himself,) was Count D'Orsay. There were plates for twelve.

I had never seen Proctor, and, with my passionate love for his poetry, he was the person at table of the most interest to me. He came late, and as twilight was just darkening the drawing-room, I could only see that a small man followed the announcement, with a remarkably timid manner, and a very white forehead.

D'Israeli had arrived before me, and sat in the deep window, looking out upon Hyde Park, with the last rays of daylight reflected from the gorgeous gold flowers of a splendidly embroidered waistcoat. Patent leather pumps, a white stick, with a black cord and tassel, and a quantity of chains about his neck and pockets, served to make him, even in the dim light, rather a conspicuous object.

Bulwer was very badly dressed, as usual, and wore a flashy waistcoat of the same description as D'Israeli's. Count D'Orsay was very splendid, but very indefinable. He seemed showily dressed till you looked to particulars, and then it seemed only a simple thing, well fitted to a very magnificent person. Lord Albert Conyngham was a dandy of common materials; and my Lord Durham, though he looked a young man, if he passed for a lord at all in America, would pass for a very ill-dressed one.

For Lady Blessington, she is one of the most handsome and quite the best dressed woman in London; and, without further description, I trust the readers of the Mirror will have little difficulty in imagining a scene that, taking a wild American into the account, was made up of rather various material.

The blaze of lamps on the dinner table was very favourable to my curiosity, and as Proctor and D'Israeli sat directly opposite me, I studied their faces to advantage. Barry Cornwall's forehead and eye are all that would strike you in his features. His brows are heavy; and his eye, deeply sunk, has a quick, restless fire, that would have struck me, I think, had I not known he was a poet. His voice has the huskiness and elevation of a man more accustomed to think than converse, and it was never heard except to give a brief and very condensed opinion, or an illustration, admirably to the point, of the subject under discussion. He evidently felt that he was only an observer in the party.

D'Israeli has one of the most remarkable faces I ever saw. He is lividly pale, but for the energy of his action and the strength of his lungs, would seem a victim to consumption. His eye is as black as Erebus, and has the most mocking and lying-in-wait sort of expression conceivable. His mouth is alive with a kind of working and impatient nervousness, and when he has burst forth, as he does constantly, with a particularly successful cataclysm of expression, it assumes a curl of triumphant scorn that would be worthy of a Mephistopheles. His hair is as extraordinary as his taste in waistcoats. A thick heavy mass of jet black ringlets falls over his left cheek almost to his collarless stock, while on the right temple it is parted and put away with the smooth carefulness of a girl's, and shines most unctuously.

"With thy incomparable oil, Macassar!"

The anxieties of the first course, as usual, kept every month occupied for a while, and then the dandies led off with a discussion of Count D'Orsay's rifle match, (he is the best rifle shot in England,) and various matters as uninteresting to transatlantic readers. The new poem, *Philip Van Artevelde*, came up after a while, and was very much over-praised, (*me judice*). Bulwer said, that as the author was the principal writer for the Quarterly Review, it was a pity it was first praised in that periodical, and praised so unqualifiedly. Proctor said nothing about it, and I respected his silence; for, as a poet, he must have felt the poverty of the poem, and was probably unwilling to attack a new aspirant in his laurels.

The next book discussed was Beckford's *Italy*, or rather the next author, for the writer of *Vathek* is more original, and more talked of than his books, and just now occupies much of the attention of London. Mr Beckford has been all his life enormously rich, has luxuriated in every country with the fancy of a poet, and the refined splendour of a Sybarite, was the admiration of Lord Byron, who visited him at Cintra, was the owner of Fonthill, and, *plus fort*. What could be one of the oldest families in England. I wonder what a man attempt that would not be considered extraordinary!

D'Israeli was the only one at the table who knew him, and the style in which he gave a sketch of his habits and manners, was worthy of himself. I might as well attempt to gather up the foam of the sea as to convey an idea of the extraordinary language in which he clothed his description. There were, at least, five words in every sentence that must have been very much astonished at the use they were put to, and yet no others apparently could so well have conveyed his idea.—He talked like a race-horse approaching the winning-post, every muscle in action, and the utmost energy of expression hung out in every burst. It is a great pity he is not in parliament.*

The particulars he gave of Beckford, though stripped of his gorgeous digressions and parentheses, may be interesting. He lives now at Bath, where he has built a house on two sides of the street, connected by a covered bridge *a la Ponte de Sospiri*, at Venice. His servants live on one side, and he and his sole companion on the other. This companion is a hideous dwarf, who imagines himself, or is, a Spanish dwarf; and Mr Beckford for many years has supported him in a style befitting his rank, treats him with all the deference due to his title, and has, in general, no other society; (I should not wonder, myself, if it turned out a woman;) neither of them is often seen, and when in London, Mr Beckford is only to be approached through his man of business. If you call, he is not at home. If you would leave a card or address him a note, his servant has strict orders not to take in any thing of the kind. At Bath, he has built a high tower, which is a great mystery to the inhabitants. Around the interior, to the very top, it is lined with books, approachable with a light spiral staircase; and in the pavement below, the owner has

* I have been told that he stood once for a London borough. A coarse fellow came up at the hustings, and said to him, "I should like to know on what ground you stand here, sir?" "On my head, sir!" answered D'Israeli. The populace had not read *Vivian Grey*, however, and he lost his election.

constructed a double crypt for his own body, and that of his dwarf companion, intending, with a desire for human neighborhood which has not appeared in his life, to leave the library to the city, that all who enjoy it shall pass over the bodies below.

Mr Bedford thinks very highly of his own books, and talks of his early production (*Vathek*) in terms of unbounded admiration. He speaks slightly of Byron, and of his praise, and affects to despise utterly the popular taste. It appeared altogether, from D'Israeli's account, that he is a splendid egotist, determined to free life as much as possible from its usual fetters, and to enjoy it to the highest degree of which his genius, backed by an immense fortune, is capable. He is reported, however, to be excessively liberal, and to exercise his ingenuity to contrive secret charities in his neighborhood.

Victor Hugo and his extraordinary novels came next under discussion—and D'Israeli, who was fired with his own eloquence, started off, *apropos des bottes*, with a long story of an empanelment he had seen in Upper Egypt. It was as good, and perhaps as authentic, as the description of the chow-chow-tow in *Vivian Grey*. He had arrived at Cairo on the third day after the man was transfixed by two stakes from his shoulder, and he was still alive! The circumstantiality of the account was equally horrible and amusing. Then followed the sufferer's history, with a score of murders and barbarities, heaped together like Martin's Feast of Belshazzar, with a mixture of horror and splendor that was unparalleled in my experience of improvisation—No mystic priest of the Corybantes could have worked himself up into a finer phrenzy of language.

Count D'Orsay kept up, through the whole conversation and narration, a running fire of witty parentheses, half French and half English—and, with champagne in all the pauses, the hours flew very dashingly. Lady Blessington left us towards midnight, and then the conversation took a rather political turn, and something was said of O'Connell. D'Israeli's lips were playing upon the edge of a champagne glass, which he had just drained, and off he shot again with a description of an interview he had had with the agitator the day before, ending in a story of an Irish dragoon who was killed in the peninsula. His name was Sarsfield. His arm was shot off and he was bleeding to death. When told that he could not live, he called for a large silver goblet, out of which he usually drank his claret. He held it to the gushing artery and filled it to the brim with blood, looked at it a moment, turned it out slowly upon the ground, muttering to himself, "If that had been shed for old Ireland!" and expired. You can have no idea how thrillingly this story was told. Fonblanc, however, who is a cold political satirist, could see nothing in man's "decanting his claret," that was in the least sublime, and so *Vivian Grey* got into a passion and for awhile was silent.

Bulwer asked me if there was any distinguished literary American in town. I said Mr Slidell, one of our best writers, was here. "Because," said he, "I received a week or more ago a letter of introduction by some one from Washington Irving. It lay on the table, when a lady came to call on my wife, who seized upon it as an autograph, and immediately left town, leaving me with neither name nor address."

There was a general laugh and a cry of "Pelham! Pelham!" as he finished his story. Nobody chose to believe it.

"I think the name was Slidell," said Bulwer.

"Slidell!" said D'Israeli, "I owe him two pounds, by Jove!" and he went on his dashing way to narrate that he had sat next Mr Slidell at a bull-fight in Seville, that he wanted to buy a fan to keep off the flies, and having nothing but doubloons in his pocket, Mr S. had lent him a small Spanish coin to that value, which he owed him to this day.

There was another general laugh, and it was agreed that on the whole the Americans were "done."

Apropos to this, D'Israeli gave us a description in a gorgeous, bœuf-queue, galloping style, of a Spanish bull-fight; and when we were nearly dead with laughing at it, some one made a move, and we went up to Lady Blessington in the drawing-room. Lord Durham requested her ladyship to introduce him particularly to D'Israeli, (the effect of his eloquence.) I sat down in the corner with Sir Martin Shee, the president of the Royal Academy, and had a long talk about Allston and Harding and Cole, whose pictures he knew; and "somewhere in the small hours," we took our leave, and Proctor left me at my door in Cavendish street, weary, but in a better humor with the world than usual.

NORTH BANK.—A dividend will be paid at the North Bank, on Monday the 6th day of April next, to the holders of Stock on the 28th inst.

For order, G. STEEL, Cashier.

m24 epas

BOARD WANTED.—A gentleman wishes for a small room, with board, about the 15th of April, within a few minutes walk of Merchants' Hall. He will furnish the same. Address G. at this office.

m21

NATHANIEL P. SNELLING respectively gives notice to his friends and the public generally, that he is now prepared to execute any orders in the line of his profession at the earliest notice, and in the most workmanlike manner, having made extensive alterations by the addition of the store adjoining, and other improvements, which will enable him to conduct a genteel Tailoring Establishment on an extensive scale, and by strict attention to his calling, to sell and to merit a share of public patronage. Having made arrangements with Merchant Tailors in New York and Philadelphia to transmit immediately on arrival the London Fashions, which will enable gentlemen to furnish themselves in the first style, and sooner than can be procured in any other establishment in this city.

N. P. S. has just received from New York a splendid assortment of Cloths, Cassimeres, and Fancy Vesting. Gentlemen are requested to call and examine for themselves, particularly some splendid Cloths and London Quiltings.

N. P. S. continues the agency of Tailors' Chalk, an article well known by the trade as being well adapted to drawing on stufs, and is easily erased.

Also, a large assortment of Tape Measures, some of them a first rate article, which is much wanted by the trade in general.

For orders for any of the above will be promptly attended to if addressed to NATHANIEL P. SNELLING,

Nos 10 & 12 Congress street, Boston.

m6

CUSTOM HOUSE, Boston.—March 12, 1835. The following appropriation having been made by Congress for a NEW CUSTOM HOUSE in this city, viz—

"For the purchase of a site, and building a Custom House in the City of Boston, fifty thousand dollars, in addition to what may be required by a sale of the present Custom House, provided a suitable sum can be obtained, and the Custom House satisfactory to the Secretary of the Treasury can be built, to cost not exceeding these appropriations for that purpose."

The subscriber, in compliance with instructions from the Honorable Secretary of the Treasury, in his proposals, to be received until the 1st of May, for furnishing a suitable site, with a description of the same, and a plan for the buildings, 112—1st M^o DAVID BENSCHAW, Collector.

BARTON'S CLOTHING STORE, 27 Brattle st.—A good assortment of Prime Goods from the first manufacturers of Europe and America, suitable for the present and coming seasons; consisting of Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Velvets, Vestings, Bonnets, Moleskins, and all articles suitable for the gentleman's toilette. The public will continue to find this establishment open daily in Boston for an assortment of ready-made Wines, and Travellers as well as gentlemen from the country, may be supplied with all articles they may need.

Dress Cloths, Pantaloons and Waistcoats of every shade and quality, at moderate prices.

G. E. B. returns his grateful acknowledgment to his friends and the public for past patronage, and solicits them for the future.

If m20

SNUFF.—24 jars Maccab—so do Rappé, per Tremont

for sale by F. E. WHITE, 22 Long wharf.

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NOTICE.—An adjourned meeting of the Democrats of Boston, friendly to the National Administration, will be held at FANEUIL HALL, at half past seven o'clock, ~~THIS EVENING~~, for the purpose of electing a County Committee.

The First Oration.—There has appeared to have been a feverish anxiety on the part of J. W. James and some of his *indiscreet* friends, for a long time, to inform the world that he once helped us tinker up a Fourth of July Oration. The fact has been published in a book—repeated in newspapers, talked of at the corners, &c. &c. Out of respect to Mr James, we have heretofore said nothing about his participation in it, but as he has been *magnanimous* enough to manifest an anxiety to assume his share of the banting, we will proceed to inform the citizens of the United States of North America, and the neighboring colonies, all about the affair. Some seven or eight years ago, the Washington Society invited us to deliver an Oration before them, at a very short notice. We consented—sat down and wrote it—thought it the most splendid effort of human genius that ever emanated from the mind of man—it was the first thing of the kind that we had attempted, and we believed that, like the Declaration of Independence, it was enough to immortalize its author. Full of self-complacency, we rolled up the manuscript, thrust it into our pocket, and walked into our brother's office, who was then the Editor of the Statesman, to convince him of the eternal renown which was about to be conferred upon his family by "a younger chip."—

"What do you think o' that, my boy?" said we, as the oration fell before the Editor—he looked at it, read a little, scowled—*envy*, thought we—read awhile longer, and after turning over the leaves of the manuscript as though they cost nothing, replied, "It will do, but wants considerable altering"—the thermometer of our genius sunk fifty degrees, and that of our disappointment and indignation rose in an equal ratio. "It will do! eh? I should like to see you write as good a one." "That is all nonsense," said the Editor, "there are some clever thoughts in it, and if you will give it to Mr James, who sits there reading his denial of Jacksonism in Mr David L. Child's Massachusetts Journal, he'll brush it up for you, and it will go well, I dare say." The devil he will, thought we—polish the mirror! paint a lily! But alas, misgivings came over us—it was possible that it might not be *quite* perfect, and perhaps Mr James could add one more ray to the circle of glory that was to emanate from it—accordingly it was committed to that gentleman's care—he took it home and scratched it worse than ever he did a hill of corn, and finally returned it with additions, erasures, alterations, and a poetical quotation, something about *cheating*, and pronounced it the *thing*, and what was the worst of the joke, we believed him! The glorious Fourth arrived—the day was colder than usual, for which fact we could only account by the probability that the fervour of our patriotism had absorbed the heat of the sun, and that Sol had concluded to hide his diminished head until the Oration was given, like the beams of his own light, to the extended universe. After starving ourselves almost to death because somebody told us that the voice sounded much better when the stomach was empty, we went to the Hall of performance—the procession was formed—"the Oration of the Day" was called by the Marshal—we incontinently put our hand upon our pocket to see if the Oration was safe, and stepped through the company with a sort of a mock modesty, as much as to say, "gentlemen, do n't look at me so"—was seated near the President of the Day—all commenced eating save your humble servant—he felt too sensibly "the importance of his situation" to indulge in so unIntellectual a ceremony—at length "the cloth was removed" and the Oration announced—noise ceased—digestion commenced, and the Oration went on—went off—"unswept, unhonored and unsung"—now and then some kind friend (Heaven bless him) would kick a little against the leg of the table, or clap his hands once or twice in token of his exstacy, but such blessings were few and far between, and we sat down under the consoling belief that the effusion was so uncomely interesting the audience was unwilling to lose a word by any approbatory noise—but when it shall appear in the newspapers, then it will receive the universal homage to which genius is entitled—it will be copied into every journal in the country, and enlarged by every editor—such were our anticipations—but alas, the insensibility of the public. It fell lifeless from the press—nobody copied it—nobody prised it—it was a dull, stupid, incongruous affair, and has sat like an incubus upon us ever since its birth, and if Mr James will be so *kind* as to acknowledge openly, instead of hinting through his friends, that he is the author of it, he'll do us the greatest and most acceptable favor which it is in his power to render.

"Where shall I dine?"—The Selectmen of Worcester having, in pursuance of a vote of the town refused licenses to Taverners for the sale of ardent spirits the keepers of all the public houses, except Mr. Porter, of the Temperance House, have refused to accept licenses for the retail of wines, &c. taken down their signs, and locked up their houses.

A woman, in a state of intoxication, was recently pushed, kicked and abused by the boys of Patterson (N. J.) until she dropped dead in the street. And on the 30th instant, Mr Charles Mulholland, a respectable citizen of that place, was killed by falling down the steps of his dwelling.

Ship A. J. Donelson wrecked some time since on Swan Beach, went to pieces on the night of the 29th ult. Her cargo has been all saved, and mostly forwarded to New York.

The Baltimore American invites contributions towards the purchase of a vessel for the Maryland Colony at Cape Palmas, (Africa.)

What a combination!—Flowers and sausages! The last N. Y. Times contained the following:—

"We refer our readers to the first page for a long extract from Washington Irving's new work, and also the butchers in relation to Centre Market."

THE LAND MAIL

Was in yesterday at its regular hour, 4 o'clock, P. M. The New York Morning papers of Wednesday do not report a single arrival, at that Port, on the preceding day—a very unusual circumstance. There was no Steamboat Mail due yesterday.

The Next Presidency.—The editor of the Nashville Republican, in his zeal to serve Judge White, having ventured to intimate that the President would prefer him as a successor to any other individual, and the same coming to the knowledge of the President, he promptly addressed the following letter to one of his old friends and neighbors in Tennessee. The letter speaks for itself, and shows that at all times, and under all circumstances, the President is anxious to secure to the people that power of choosing their servants (without officious interference from any source,) which is justly their due. The Federalists are endeavoring, by misrepresentation, to turn this letter to their political advantage—but they gnaw a file:—

WASHINGTON, Feb. 23, 1835.

My Rev Sir—I observe in the Nashville Republican of the 10th inst, an article headed "General Jackson's Preferences," which I think it my duty to notice.

All my friends know, that since I have been in the Executive Chair, I have carefully abstained from an interference with the elective franchise, and have invariably acted upon the principle, that to the People belonged the exercise of this sacred right—uninfluenced by any considerations but those which related to the public good. And yet the editor of this paper, professing to entertain great respect for my character, undertakes to connect me personally with an attempt to divide the great body of Republicans in the choice they are to make of a President; and by way of giving effect to his insinuation, appeals, in the language of my bitterest enemies, *here* and *elsewhere*, to the independence of the people as a shield against "my dictation," which he supposes may be attempted.

Every one must see that the professions of the Editor in that article are made to take the form of friendship, in order that he may more successfully carry out his purpose of opposing the great Republican principles which I have endeavored to advance as President of the United States; and one of which, not to say the most important, is the necessity of looking above persons in any exigency which threatens the ascendancy of those principles. All my friends must perceive, that to be consistent, my preference, as far as men are concerned, ought to be for him that is most likely to be the choice of the great body of Republicans; and yet, if this individual should not be Judge White, the editor of the Republican is ready to cry out "dictation."

Under such circumstances, seeing also that there are various misrepresentations of my views on this subject, I commit this letter to your discretion, in order that you may do me justice.

You are at liberty to say, on all occasions, that regarding the People as the true source of political power, I am always ready to bow to their will and to their judgment; that, discarding all personal preferences, I consider [it] the true policy of the friends of Republican principles, to send delegates fresh from the People, to a General Convention, for the purpose of selecting candidates for the Presidency and Vice Presidency; and that to impeach that selection before it is made, or to resist it when it is fairly made, as an emanation of Executive power, is to assail the virtue of the People, and, in effect, to oppose their right to govern.

I send the paper containing the article I refer to, and request you to show this letter to the editor, in order that he may no longer misrepresent me. Acknowledge the receipt of this letter.

I am, in haste, your friend,

ANDREW JACKSON.

The REV JAMES GWIN, Nashville, Tenn.

For the Boston Morning Post.

Vermont March 1835

Mister Editur—Sur, i was leetle tickled this forenoon an ile tel you how twas, i went down to the stoar for tu git a peac of paper tu mak out a bil, the chaps name whatt keeps it is jim, he lookt to me kinder cute so ses i jum wat you lat in, then sad hee jotham sed he hev you seen that are city papur an he git tu me, i sea it was the boston Post, arter lookin at it a spel i sea peace sined "a varmonter" i began to larf, hulled sed jim then you hav gut it at last, then sed i jum i wanted a peac of papur at fast but now iak a hol sheet cos ihebod will wont sun i no, i took the sheet and went stote to ihebods, he was feedin three hoggs, iak hear sed i an i giv him the poste, iak he se in a mint who rit as wel as i did, jotham sed hee i haint got no time to rite, so go an anser it yerself an lett the printur no abt it, so now ide giv you ther rest on it, thee fact is this, thee felier what rit these peace sined a varmonter is no varmonter atol, he cum up hear from down east sun time ago, his name is Hiram Bumppas, arter nookin round a spel, he cum to sea ihebods sistur sally, and then ihebod cum in and ketch him there, so see he nobbody shal hav salt a varmonter, Hiram jumpt up an sed he i a varmonter, thas a li sed ihebod, dont tha that are ngn sed Hiram an hee shuck his fist, with that ihebod went at him an arter likkin him a spel hee kickt him clean out dores, arter a wile Hiram gut upp an went an asked the hogref tu tak ihebod upp, thes hogref sed if Hiram want ou thes way putt durnt soon hea wood tak him upp, then Hiram dug of down east and iff we ketch him up hear agin weal giv him the rest off his likkin an put it on sun to i gess please tu print this an oblige

Joathan Murratt
ile sweare to wat Joathan, has rit
Ihebod Hooker

Democracy.—For ourselves we stick to the old edition! the edition of 1776. The declaration of independence contains the democracy of EQUAL RIGHTS; and that is the cause for which we labor. We go for the democracy for which the yeomanry and mechanics of the country fought at Bunker Hill; for which the farmers of Middlesex bled at Concord. We desire no new edition; we wish the principles of 1776 may endure to the end of time.

Our adversaries would sneer, as if the Democratic party aimed at a new organization of society. Do they forget that the encroachments of wealth upon the rights of the people have all taken place within fifty years? Before the revolution, there were no monopolies in America, except those in favor of the English merchant, and the English capitalist, sustained by the various British acts of navigation. The whole of these monopolies, which had been increasing for more than a century, were prostrated and swept away in 1776.

Our fathers, after they had achieved independence and established democratic constitutions, believed that their work was done. They folded their arms, and thought every thing secure. They were mistaken. The people having become possessed of power, should have used that power for their own good; and not have suffered the halls of legislation to be invaded by stock jobbers and monopolists.

There was nothing of this in the spirit of the revolution. You cannot find in the public career and writings of Hawley a single line, that favors the surrender of political powers to the influence of wealth.—*Hampshire Rep.*

Death by Fire.—A woman named Hamilton, 35 years of age, who resided in Bedford street, was yesterday morning burned to death by her clothes catching fire whilst she was in a state of intoxication. An inquest was held on the body in the course of the day, and a verdict returned to the above effect.—*N. Y. Jour. Com.*

POLICE COURT.

Circumst. fraud.—A printer by the name of *Ezekiel F. Lancaster*, has been driving a profitable business lately, by mortgaging and selling and re-selling the materials of his printing office to different individuals, and obtaining \$300 worth of books from Hilliard, Gray & Co.—A complaint was entered against him, by *Isaac Miles*, a minor, of about 20 years of age, for obtaining his note of hand for \$281, and a mortgage, by false pretences in selling to him certain printing materials which he had before sold and mortgaged to another individual. Miles inconsiderately, and not dreaming of any fraud in the transaction, gave Lancaster the note and mortgage, without obtaining a delivery of the articles he purchased. Lancaster then applied to Hilliard, Gray & Co. for credit, and wanted to purchase \$300 worth of books to stock a store with, and upon giving them Miles' note and mortgage, as collateral security, with his own note for six months, they trusted him. He no sooner obtained possession of the books, than he pledged them to a broker for \$260. As the matter now stands, Hilliard, Gray & Co. are the only sufferers, but it is a question whether they cannot recover their property, as it was obtained from them feloniously, the note of Miles, who is a minor, not having any legal value, and being voidable.

In ordering Lancaster to recognize for his appearance at the Municipal Court, in the sum of \$500, his honor remarked, that "the whole transaction from beginning to end was a tissue of the grossest dishonesty."—Committed for want of bail.

Scene in a School Room.—"Jem," said the master, "you were not in school yesterday."

"No, sir, here's 'scuse mother sen ye;" at the same time holding out a slip of paper on which were written the following seemingly Egyptian hieroglyphics:—

"cept aton to gois a taturing."

"Well, Jem," said the master, after examining it for some time, "what did you do yesterday?"

"Dug taters!"

"Oh yes!"—Kept at home to go potatoing."—*Worcester Pal.*

The Dublin Theatre was recently thrown into a continued uproar, during the whole of the performance, by the distinct and measured clapping of hands, called "the Kentish Fire," by the Catholics, who took this measure of evincing their hatred to the viceroy, who was present. The piece performed, or attempted to be performed, was Sir Edward Mortimer, by young Kean.

A Memorable Event.—It is not perhaps generally known, at least not generally recollect, that the bearer of the despatches containing the first treaty ever entered into by the people of this country in their national capacity, with a foreign power, landed, on his arrival in this country, at *this port*—then called *Falmouth*. It was the first treaty between France and the United States. Simeon Deane, brother of Silas Deane, one of the American Commissioners in Paris, was the bearer. He arrived on the 13th of April, 1778, in the French frigate *Sensible*, of 36 guns.—*Portland Argus.*

At Circleville, Ohio, on the evening of the 7th inst., a number of individuals had collected to rejoice at their success in the borough election. By a premature discharge of the cannon, one man, John Wright, was killed, and another, named Hood, had his arm so mangled as to render amputation necessary.

Original Anecdote.—You are an excellent packer, said a mason to a farmer. "Why so?" You have contrived to pack three bushels of rye into a two bushel bag."—*Dem. Herald.*

MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE.

Thursday, April 2.—In the House, bill concerning State Paupers was taken up, and after some discussion, that portion thereof which relates to paupers having a legal settlement in any adjoining states, was stricken out; so that one section only remains, providing for a reduction in the amount to be paid by the State to the several towns, for the support of such paupers. The bill as amended was then passed to a third reading. Bill regulating the Pilotage in Boston Harbor, amended and passed to a third reading, and, together with the remonstrance of Jno Wilson and other Pilots against the same, were recommitted. Leave to withdraw granted on a petition for the suppression of bank notes of a less denomination than \$5, in concurrence. The report of the committee on the recess, was taken from the table, (120 to 79) and after the rejection of a proposed amendment, (88 to 94) was again laid on the table.

The discussion on the bill concerning Masonic Societies, was then renewed, and continued by Mr Baylies of Taunton, and Blake of Boston, till the House adjourned. This subject will probably be disposed of between this and the first of May—at least such is the prospect at present.

In the Senate, bills providing for the remedies for landlords and servants; concerning the service of civil process in certain cases; passed to be engrossed. In pursuance with a previous assignment, the Resolves and Article of Amendment to the Constitution was taken up. The Senate resolved itself into a Committee of the Whole, and having acted upon sundry proposed amendments the committee rose, reported progress, and obtained leave to sit again. Adj.

Ship-News—1835.

SHIP-NEWS—1835.

PORT OF BOSTON—APRIL 2, 1835

ARRIVED.

Brig Wolga, Foster, Gloucester.
Sch Mechanic, Clark, Belcast.
Sch Ploughboy, Walker, Kennebunk.
Sch Eastern Star, Pierce, Portsmouth.
Sch Young Tell, Dover.
Sleep Com. Chance, Salem.

CLEARED.

Ship Semarang, Brig, Canton : Albree, Bangs, New Orleans : bark Manto, (new) Gardner, Haven & Co., King Philip, Humphrey, Charleston; brig Red Rock, Girdler, Cape Hayton; Napoleon, Enstman, N Orleans : Mahon, Boggs, Philadelphia's : Carasbad, Lewis, Portland : schooner Clark, City Point; Kosinica, Baker, (and) Vermont, Crosby, Hartford : Tremont, Rich, New York ; Frances, Reed, Portland ; Tremont, New York.

FOREIGN LETTER OFFICE, CITY HALL.—Letter bags for London, Liverpool, and Havre, via New York, will close on Saturday evening, 4th inst, at 8 o'clock.

At Lio Janeiro Feb 16, US Ship Ontario, fm Falkland Islands, all well; Hamilton, for Cape de Verds. Sailed bark Madagascan, Cowes.

PORLTAND, March 31—cleared Franklin, Larabee, and Sublime, Smith, Cuba.

NEW BURVPORT, March 31—cleared Alpine, Moore, Portland.

PROVIDENCE, April 1—sailed ship Ann & Hope, Holden, Manilla.

NEW YORK March 31—old Orpheus, Liverpool ; Hannibal, London ; France, Havre ; America, Robinson, Madiera.

PHILADELPHIA, March 31—ar brig Mary, Gurnwood, Rig King, Crowell, and Mayflower, Sayward, Boston.

Cleared brig Ganicle, Welsh, and Wm Thacher, Green, St. Thomas.

NOTICE.—A fresh Green Turtle Soup will be served up at the Franklin Restorator, Wilson's Lane, THIS DAY at 11 o'clock.

N. B.—Families supplied. E. KENFIELD.

NOTICE.—Turtle Soup will be served up at the Howard Street House regular at 2 o'clock every day this week.

MANSION HOUSE.

CHARLESTOWN SQUARE—CHARLESTOWN, MASS.

The subscriber would respectfully give notice to his friends and the public that he has opened the above-mentioned house, situated on the 36th side of the Square in Charlestown, corner of Warren Avenue. Said House is very centrally and pleasantly situated—has been recently fitted up, enlarged and newly furnished throughout—and is in every respect well calculated for the accommodation of BOARDERS, VISITORS and PARTIES.

PARTIES AND SOCIETIES will be furnished with Diagrams—Suppers or Entertainments, with promptness and good service.

Gentlemen doing business in Boston in want of a pleasant, airy and central boarding place, will find the above at a convenient distance from the center of business, and every thing arranged to their satisfaction.

CHARLESTOWN, Feb 21, 1835.

A CARD.—The subscriber will inform his customers and the public in general, that he has received a large assortment of Broadcloths, Cassimères and Vests, of the most desirable shades and fabrics, which will be sold at order to the lowest prices, and in the most approved fashion. The subscriber, grateful for past favors, hopes by strict attention to business to merit a continuance of the same. As he has no but the best of workmen in his employ, he feels confident that he can give satisfaction to all those who may favor him with their patronage.

R. C. KEMP, m26 isopim Merchant Tailor, Merchant Row.

OPERATIONS ON THE TEETH.—Dr PARSONS, Surgeon Dentist, No 16 Winter street, having obtained the aid of Mr Nolen, a skilful Dentist from Philadelphia, gives notice that he will insert the INCORRUPTIBLE or MINERAL TEETH on nearly the same terms as the other kinds of artificial teeth.

He respectfully announces that all operations on the Teeth will be performed in the most approved

PASSAGE FROM IRELAND TO BOSTON, VIA LIVERPOOL.

The subscribers, in order to afford facilities to those residing in Boston and its vicinity, who wish to send for their relatives and friends to Ireland, and in order to insure to them a safe and expeditious passage to Boston direct, will call on Mr. JAMES D. ROCHE, of their House, to make the necessary arrangements for conveyance in good American ships, sailing from Liverpool, weekly.—JAMES D. ROCHE will hold his office for a few weeks at Mr. P. MOROY'S Book-store, corner of Franklin and Federal street, until the necessary arrangements are made for their Agent, Mr. P. CONNELLY, No 3 Hamilton street, Boston.

After office hours, Mr. ROCHE can be seen at the New England Coffee House.

Messrs. DOUGLAS, ROBINSON & CO. 246 Pearl st, New York, ROBINSON BROTHERS, Liverpool, The Messrs. ROBINSONS & CO. Dublin, istf—m14

FOR CALCUTTA.

TO RETURN TO BOSTON.

Mr. DIXWELL, Supercargo, will be despatched for the above port on the 1st of May, to touch at Madras on her outward passage—for freight or passage outward, or investment of funds and return freight, apply to WM. GODDARD & SON, No 43 Central wharf, or to the Supercargo. Episptf—m23

FOR NEW-ORLEANS PACKET LINE.

The fast sailing copper fastened bark E. M. J. Miller master, having hauled her freight engaged, will have immediate despatch, and take steamer at the Bay. For freight, cabin or steerage passage, apply to S. R. ALLEN, 110 Milk street.

FOR HARTFORD—REGULAR LINE.

ON SATURDAY.

The schr. ECHO, Captain Goodspeed, will sail as above—for freight or passage apply to JOSHUA SEARS, No 14 Long wharf, HARTSHORN & ELLIS, No 7 Central wharf, or the captain on board, or Central wharf, south side. m30

FOR BELFAST.

ON SATURDAY.

The schr. RESIDENT JACKSON, E. Crosby, master, will sail as above. For freight or passage apply to SETH E. BENSON, 42 Commercial street, or to the master on board, at the Eastern packet wharf. m31

FOR BUCKSPORT AND BANGOR.

The good S. CH. JANE, Miller Master, will take freight as above—apply to the Master on board at the Eastern packet Pier, or to BAXTER & DUTTON, No 34 Central wharf. istf—m2

VESSEL WANTED.

Wanted on Charter, for a pleasant voyage of about 4 months, a Brig, of 200 tons burthen—apply to KENDALL & KINGSCOMB, BURVY, 17 India wharf. episptf—m12

1ST OF LETTERS

remaining in the Newton Post Office, April 1, 1835.

Abbott Eliza Ann Houghton Salome Isenbeck.

Bouwell Jona Johnson Mary

Bath Sophia Libby Matilda

Bates J. McEach Elizabeth

Bolger Pat McNamara Abraham

Bird Hannah McNamee John

Bolton Jos McNamee Julian

Barnes Richd R Oates Anna Maria

Bridges & Clark Pratt Jos W.

Carter Josiah H Petree Nathan

Collins Ewd Porte Ennies

Crafts Nathan F Pulsifer Nat

Campbell David Purrington John

Dix M Read Joel

Eaton Willys G Reed Betsey

El Newell Rossellas

Freeman Jas rev Rossellas

Fiske Oliver J S. Stevens Amos

Gardner Nancy Stevens Rebecca

Goudine Stephen Stinson Catch M

Hyde Sam'l Jr. Warren Sam'l 2

Hill Geo Wheeler John

Holt Melinda Wellington Eliza

Hoy Merriam Ward Artemas 2

J. H. RICHARDSON, P. M.

LIST OF LETTERS remaining in the Post Office at Jamaica Plain, April 1, 1835.

Arys Ois Peck Wm

Chandler John P Prouty Dwight

Edson Jane M Russell Jos

Gore John C Robinson Geo

Holms Wm Sprague Seth

Hornig Benj Sheppard L

Hawes Charlotte Taylor Hannah P 2

Manroe Geo P Wilson Granville W

Mayo Lucy R Weld Thos 8

Porter Caroline 3

ROBERT SEAVER, P. M.

BOSTON AND PROVIDENCE RAIL ROAD—DEDHAM BRANCH—NEW ARRANGEMENT.

On and after Monday, 6th day of April last, the following arrangements will go into effect, viz:

Leave Dedham at 7 1/2 o'clock, A.M., Leave Boston at 9 1/2 o'clock, A.M.

Leave Boston at 11 1/2 o'clock, P.M., Leave Dedham at 12 1/2 o'clock, P.M.

On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday of each week, a Locomotive will perform the 12 1/2 o'clock trip from Boston, and 2 o'clock trip from Dedham—at which times the Company will be prepared to transport merchandise to and from Dedham.

A carriage will be usual as will be waiting at the Depot, on the arrival of the cars, to convey passengers to any part of the city—and by leaving their names at No 9 Elm street, they will be called for.

For on the Rail Road, 37 cents each passenger—stage fare 12 cts.

istf—m31

TREMONT THEATRE.

THE time of rising the curtain is altered to 7 o'clock.

Miss F. Jarman's Benefit and positively her last appearance this season.

THIS EVENING, April 5.

Will be presented, the 4th act of

AS YOU LIKE IT. Miss Jarman

Rosalind After which the 5th act of

THE PROVOKED HUSBAND.

To which will be added the 4th act of

THE BELLE'S STRATAGEM.

And by desire, the 4th act of

SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

To conclude with the favorite Farce of the

IRISH WIDOW.

Sir Patrick O'Neal Mr Terneau

Widow Brady Miss F. Jarman

Miss Watson having partially recovered from her late indisposition, will have the honor of making her first appearance in a few days.

GRAND CONCERT—REPEATED.—Mr. KENDALL respectfully announces to the citizens of Boston and its vicinity, that his **FAREWELL CONCERT** will be repeated with great success in the **Academy Temple**, on SATURDAY EVENING next, April 4, previous to his departure for London, on which occasion he solicits the attention of that kind public under whose patronage he has been so long fostered. He is happy to say that all the principal talent of the **Musical Department** of that establishment will assist.

In addition to the bill of Mr. Kendall's last Concert, he has the pleasure to announce to the public that Capt. W. S. HUNTER, the Northumbrian Minstrel has volunteered to perform, Mr. K. assures his friends that they will be much pleased with his performance.

Principal Vocal Performers—Mrs Andrews, Miss A. Woodward, Mrs Kellogg, and Mr. Conner.

Principal Instrumental Solo Performers—Messrs. Hill, Downe, E. Kendall, and J. Kendall.

Director—Mr. T. Conner.

Leader—Mr. Ostini.

Mr Jones will preside at the Pianoforte.

The Orchestra will be the largest and most complete ever offered to a Boston public.

In addition to which he has the pleasure of introducing for the second time in America, the **BOSTON MILITARY BAND OF BRASS INSTRUMENTS** only—consisting of twenty performers—Leader, Mr Edward Kendall.

PART I.

1 Grand Overture—composed for and dedicated to the Amateur Society of Boston, and played now in public for the second time.

2 Solo—Clarinet—Mr. J. Kendall—“Nel cor più” with variations composed himself, arranged by U. C. Hill, Mozart.

3 Trio—Mrs. Andrews, Miss A. Woodward and Mrs. Kellogg.

4 Solo—Keg. Bugle—Mr. E. Kendall—Air and Variations; Polce Concerto.

5 Sonate—Mrs. Andrews—Chief of the West,—L. L.

6 Sonate—Coronation March and Quick Step, respectfully dedicated to the Boston Independent Cadets, and arranged by J. Charlton Jr. for the Boston Brass Band.

7 Song—Capt. W. S. Hunter—Kitty of the Clyde—accompanied by himself on the Northumbrian Pipes.

8 Solo—Violin—Mr. U. C. Hill.

9 Song—Mr. Conner—Here I am barber and dentist.

10 Waltz and Quick Step—respectfully dedicated to the Mechanic Rifle Company—composed and arranged by J. Hollway, for the Brass Band.

PART II.

1 Overture to Maschiello, Auber.

2 Duo—Mrs. Andrews and Miss A. Woodward—Ebben the Peasant.

3 March from Cinderella, and Quick Step—respectfully dedicated to the Washington Light Infantry—arranged for the Brass Band by E. Kendall.

4 Fantasia—Octave Flute—Nightingale, with Variations—Downe.

5 March from Cinderella, and Quick Step—respectfully dedicated to the Washington Light Infantry—arranged for the Brass Band by E. Kendall.

6 Fantasia—Octave Flute—Nightingale, with Variations—Walsch.

7 March from Cinderella, and Quick Step—respectfully dedicated to the Washington Light Infantry—arranged for the Brass Band by E. Kendall.

8 Gallopade and Quick Step—respectfully dedicated to the Boston Fustifiers—arranged by J. Kendall, for the Brass Band.

9 Irish Melody, with variations—Capt. W. S. Hunter—on the Northumbrian Pipes.

10 Solo—Trombone—Mr. J. Kendall—accompanied by the Orchestra and Brass band, entire.

11 Solo—Trombone—Mr. J. Kendall—“50 cents each—to be had at Ashton's and Parker's music stores, and at the **Temple** on the evening of performance.

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31 Solo—Trombone—Mr. J. Kendall—“50 cents each—to be had at Ashton's and Parker's music stores, and at the **Temple** on the evening of performance.

32 Solo—Trombone—Mr. J. Kendall—“50 cents each—to be had at Ashton's and Parker's music

